ERIC CHURCH *CHIEF*

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PRODUCED BY JAY JOYCE

1. *CREEPIN'*

Like a honey bee beatin' on my screen door
Got a little buzz and my head is sore
From my bed I can feel the sun
Lord 'round here the morning comes
Just a creepin' creepin' creepin' creepin'

You shot outta here like a bullet from a gun
A flip of a switch, a thief on the run
Since the day you left me baby
I can feel the lonely, I can hear the crazy
Just a creepin' creepin', just a creepin' creepin'

Head to the future, run from the past
Hide from the mirror, live in a glass
What the dreams forget the whiskey remembers
Kinda like molasses in late December
Just a creepin' creepin'

Your cocaine kiss and caffeine love
Got under my skin and into my blood
That need you back comes over me
Like ivy crawling up a hickory tree
Just a creepin' creepin', just a creepin' creepin'

Head to the future, run from the past
Hide from the mirror, live in a glass
What the dreams forget the whiskey remembers
Kinda like molasses in late December
Just a creepin' creepin'

Just last night I saw the light
At the end of that tunnel on the other side
Thought I'd find my way out of this pain
Only to find your memory train
Creepin'….

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2. *DRINK IN MY HAND*

Early Monday morning till Friday at 5
Man I work work work but I don't climb climb climb
Boss man can shove that overtime up his can
All I wanna do is put a drink in my hand

Fill it up, throw it down
I've got a 40 hour week worth of trouble to drown
No need to complicate it, I'm a simple man
All you gotta do is put a drink in my hand

Yeah the parking lot is muddy, can't get to the door
I take my jacked up drop her down in 4x4
Chill down a long neck, warm up the band
All you gotta do is put a drink in my hand

Fill it up, throw it down
I'm about to tear a new one in this old town
5 4 3 2 1 I'm a rocketman
All you gotta do is put a drink in my hand

Make me wanna go ooh ooh ooh when you dance like that
You got that little tattoo playing peek-a-boo on your back
Yeah if you want to impress me baby here's my plan
All you gotta do is put a drink in my hand

Yeah fill it up, throw it down
When you drive me home, take the long way around
You be my Lois Lane, I'll be your Superman
All you gotta do is put a drink in my hand

My head Monday morning when that alarm clock sings
It goes bang bang bang while it ring ring rings
Yeah I'm ready to roll if you want to rock again
All you gotta do is put a drink in my hand

Yeah fill it up, throw it down
I got a little hung over still hanging around
Yeah that hair of the dog is howling hey there man
All you gotta do is put a drink in my hand

That hair of the dog is howling hey there man
All you gotta do is put a drink in my hand

Written by Eric Church, Michael Heeney, Luke Laird
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3. *KEEP ON*

Yeah I see you over there making eyes at me
Like you don't wanna get caught
Where'd you get the cowboy on your arm
And where you want me to drop him off
I see you trying to hide that fire inside
But your hold me back's almost gone
Yeah it's about time I let cowboy know
That I'm a gonna take you home

Yeah so keep on looking at me that way
That way we can move this along
I can tell you what I got here on my mind
But I think you already know
Yeah and now's the time for you to turn around
If you want me to walk away
Or you can keep on keep on keep on keep on looking at me that way

Yeah I can tell by the way I took your hand
And then asked you to dance
He went all John Wayne in front of his friends
And said I don't think so man
Yeah all bowed up like a loud mouth pup
Never been in a junkyard fight
But if you're gonna bark at the big dog boy
Then you're gonna get to feel the bite

Yeah so keep on looking at me that way
That way we can move this along
I can finish sweeping her off her pretty little feet
And your buddies can carry you home
You can back off and let her dance with me
And live to fight another day
Or you can keep on keep on keep on keep on looking at me that way

Yeah I love the way the sun's coming through
And bouncing off the small of your back
Yeah I know if I call in sick today
Boss man will have a heart attack
Yeah I knew it was over when she rolled over
And said baby why don't you stay
And keep on keep on keep on keep on looking at me that way
Keep on keep on keep on keep on looking at me that
Looking at me that, looking at me that way

Written by Eric Church, Ryan Tyndell

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4. *LIKE JESUS DOES*

I'm a long gone Waylon song on vinyl
I'm a back row sinner at a tent revival
But she believes in me like she believes her bible
And loves me like Jesus does

I'm a lead foot leaning on a souped up Chevy
I'm a good ol' boy drinkin' whiskey and rye on the levy
But she carries me when my sins make me heavy
And loves me like Jesus does

All the crazy in my dreams
Both my broken wings
Every single piece of everything I am
And she knows the man I ain't
She forgives me when I can't
And the devil man no he don't stand a chance
'Cause she loves me like Jesus does

I always thought she'd give up on me one day
Wash her hands of me, leave me starin' down some runway
But I thank God each night and twice on Sunday
That she loves me like Jesus does

All the crazy in my dreams
Both my broken wings
Every single piece of who I am
Yeah she knows the man I ain't
She forgives me when I can't
And the devil man no he don't have a prayer
'Cause she loves me like Jesus does

Yeah she knows the man I ain't
She forgives me when I can't
That devil man he don't stand a chance
'Cause she loves me like Jesus does

I'm a long gone Waylon song on vinyl

Written by Casey Beathard, Monty Criswell
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5. *HUNGOVER & HARD UP*

Hungover and hard up
I'm broken down and messed up
I never saw your leavin' coming
But I sure felt it when it left

Memory button stuck on repeat
Mind skipping like a record machine
Over and over that goodbye scene
Keeps spinning in my head

It keeps haunting me and ain't no maybe about it
The hurt keeps calling me, come on out we've got you surrounded
Yeah the bottle in my hand is loaded
And I ain't afraid to use it tonight

Hungover and hard up
Pain hurts and whiskey's tough
And too much ain't never enough
To break through your spell

Living in the lost and found
Round and round, up and down
I'm tired of this seesaw merry-go-round
So Mary you can go to hell

All I wanna do is just get on down the highway
I'll be there as soon as I get on outta my way
Yeah the truth is like a hangman's noose
And it's holding up my heart tonight

Hungover and hard up
I tried it all well now what
I've giving everything but up
And ups going down the drain

Just when I thought the coast was clear
You're clouding up my atmosphere
That morning sun's waiting there when I wake up
Hungover and hard up

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6. *HOMEBOY*

You were too bad for our little square town
With your hip-hop hat and your pants on the ground
Heard you cussed out mama, pushed daddy around
Before you tore off in his car
Now here you are runnin' these dirty ol' streets
Tattoo on your neck, fake gold on your teeth
Got the hood here snowed but you can't fool me
We both know who you are

(Chorus)
Homeboy you're gonna wish one day
You were sittin' on the gate of a truck by the lake
With your high school flame on one side
Ice cold beer on the other
Ain't no shame in a blue collar 40
Little house, little kids, little small town story
If you don't ever do anything else for me
Just do this for me brother
Come on home boy

I was hauling this hay to Uncle Joe's farm
Thought of us barefoot kids in the yard
Man it seems we were just catchin' snakes in the barn
Now you're caught up in this mess
I could use a little help unloadin' these bales
I can keep you pretty busy with a hammer and a nail
Ain't a glamorous life but it'll keep you outta jail
Not worry us all to death

(Chorus)

Come on home boy

You can't hold back the hands of time
Mama's going gray and so is daddy's mind
I wish you'd come on back and make it all right
Before they're called home boy

Come on home boy, home boy
Come on home boy

Written by Eric Church, Casey Beathard
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7. *COUNTRY MUSIC JESUS*

There'll be fire on the mountain

I had a revelation last night
Divine inspiration from the other side
Of what it's gonna take to right all this wrong
We need a country music Jesus to come and save us all

We need a second coming worse than bad
Some longhaired hippie prophet preaching from the book of Johnny Cash
A sheep among the wolves there standing tall
We need a country music Jesus to come and save us all

(Chorus)
There'll be fire on the mountain
There'll be revival and banging drums
There'll be screaming and there'll be shouting
When my country music Jesus comes

We've had our believers in the past
And they gave us a message that would last
They built our house on a foundation of stone
God send a country music Jesus to come and save us all

(Chorus x2)

When my country music Jesus comes

Written by Eric Church, Jeremy Spillman
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8. *JACK DANIELS*

I've got a reputation goin' round
I ain't never been the kind to back down
I've thrown a punch or two and gave a few black eyes
But Jack Daniels kicked my ass again last night

Yeah I hung in pretty good for a round or two
But he don't fight fair like daddy taught me to
Her memory turned my head and then he snuck up from behind
Jack Daniels kicked my ass again last night

I always thought this heart was made of steel and bulletproof
But the memory of her taillights fading breaks it right in two
Guess every Superman has got his kryptonite
Jack Daniels kicked my ass again last night

Well I didn't bleed and I ain't black and blue
But it ain't hard to tell who got the better of who
'Cause in the morning light I'm hard to recognize
Yeah Jack Daniels kicked my ass again last night

I always thought this heart was made of steel and bulletproof
But the memory of her taillights fading breaks it right in two
Guess every Superman has got his kryptonite
Jack Daniels kicked my ass again last night

That black label is like black powder for my soul
My head feels like a bomb about to blow
Hell I'm half inclined to give that fuse a light
And let Jack Daniels kick my ass again tonight

Written by Eric Church, Jeff Hyde, Lynn Hutton
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9. *SPRINGSTEEN*

To this day when I hear that song, I see you standing there on that lawn
Discount shades, store bought tan, flip-flops and cut off jeans
Somewhere between that setting sun, I'm On Fire and Born To Run
You looked at me and I was done but we were just getting started

I was singing to you, you were singing to me
I was so alive, never been more free
Fired up my daddy's lighter and we sang oh
Stayed there till they forced us out
We took the long way to your house
And I can still hear the sound
Of you saying don't go

When I think about you
I think about 17
I think about my old Jeep
I think about the stars in the sky
Funny how a melody sounds like a memory
Like a soundtrack to a July Saturday night
Springsteen

If I bumped in to you by happenstance
You probably wouldn't even know who I am
But if I whispered your name, I bet there'd still be a spark
From back when I was gasoline and this old tattoo had brand new ink
And we didn't care what your mom would think 'bout your name on my arm

Baby is it spring or is it summer
The guitar sound or the beat of that drummer
You hear sometimes late at night on your radio
Even though you're a million miles away
When you hear Born In The USA
Do you relive those glory days from so long ago

When you think about me
Do you think about 17
Do you think about my old Jeep
Think about the stars in the sky
Funny how a melody sounds like a memory
Like a soundtrack to a July Saturday night
Springsteen, Springsteen

Funny how a melody sounds like a memory
Like a soundtrack to a July Saturday night
Springsteen, Springsteen
Oh Springsteen

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10. *I'M GETTIN' STONED*

I read it in the paper, marked a date on the wall
To remind myself to celebrate the day I lose it all
They made plans to be together, I made plans to be alone
She got a rock and I'm gettin' stoned

Damn right I've got objections but it's awful too late now
The cans are on the limo and the rice is on the ground
They're headed for the islands but hell I'm already gone
She got a rock and I'm gettin' stoned

Here's to happy ever after and here's to balls and chains
Here's to all us haters of old lovers new last names
And here's to holin' up and gettin' right where I belong
She got a rock and I'm gettin' stoned

Yeah I knew that it was over when I heard those wedding bells
That preacher was my jailer, now this bottle is my bail
So much for all that prayin' her I do would be I don't
She got a rock, I'm gettin' stoned

Here's to happy ever after and here's to balls and chains
Here's to all us haters of old lovers new last names
And here's to holin' up and gettin' right where I belong
She got a rock, I'm gettin' stoned

So to hell with her and him
And that white horse they rode out on
She got a rock, I'm gettin' stoned
Yeah she got a rock, I'm gettin' stoned

Written by Eric Church, Casey Beathard, Jeff Hyde, Jeremy Crady
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11. *OVER WHEN IT'S OVER*

It's over when it's over, ain't it baby, ain't it
Rips you like a dagger
Can't it baby, can't it
Wish we could do it over
Damn it baby, damn it
We had it in the air but just couldn't land it
It's the first snap of the last straw
Where regrets outlast the alcohol
It's a cold sweat in an empty bed
Dreams are like a knife when you're hanging by a thread
It ain't no maybe we can make it if we just play the right cards

No, It's over when it's over, ain't it baby, ain't it
Rips you like a dagger
Can't it baby, can't it
Wish we could do it over
Damn it baby, damn it
We had it in the air but just couldn't land it
It's a white flag, it's a stop sign
It's last long drag on a Marlboro Light
It's a long night of beatin' up the past
Knowing the first light is gonna hit you back
This ain't no gone for good drill or no goodbye false alarm
It's over

This ain't a baby wait, we can make it work
It's a blank page when your outta words
It's a flat line, it's a heart attack
Yeah it's too far-gone to be shocked back
It's a one way with nowhere to turn
It's a no brakes baby, crash and burn
Ain't no map gonna ever bring us back from where we are

No it's just over when it's over, ain't it baby, ain't it
Rip you like a dagger
Can't it baby, can't it
Wish we could do it over
Damn it baby, damn it
We had it in the air and just couldn't land it

Written by Eric Church, Luke Laird

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Jeff Hyde – Banjo, Acoustic Guitar
Lee Hendricks – Bass
Craig Wright – Drums & Percussion
Driver Willams – Electric Guitar
Jeff Cease – Electric Guitar
Pat McLaughlin – Acoustic & Electric Guitar
Steve Fishell – Pedal & Lap Steel
Charlie Worsham – Electric Guitar, Mandolin
Giles Reaves – Vibraphone
Luke Laird – Acoustic Guitar
Jedd Hughes – Acoustic Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo
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Thank you:
I'm a very blessed man. I have a wonderful wife.
A fantastic team. A superb band. A supportive family.
The greatest fans on earth and a son on the way
I can't wait to meet.
I thank God for each blessing everyday.
It's more than I deserve.
-EC

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